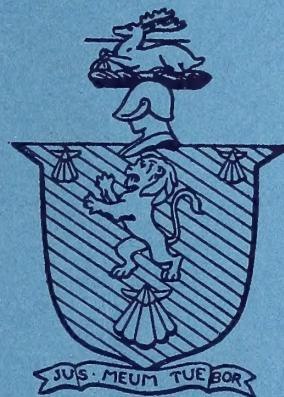


Vox Collegii



Christmas

1928



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Acknowledgment

The Editorial staff has done its best this year to present to you a school magazine that is worth while. In some measures we may have fallen short of doing so, but we feel it has been made up for in other places and we believe we have succeeded in publishing an edition of "Vox" that may be compared favourably with any other of previous years.

In wishing you all best wishes for this Christmas season may we also extend to every teacher and student who has assisted in any way towards the publication of this edition of "Vox", our heartiest thanks and appreciation.

VOX COLLEGII

"For san et haec elim meminisse juvabit."

Vol. XXXIX.

WHITBY, DECEMBER, 1928

No. 1

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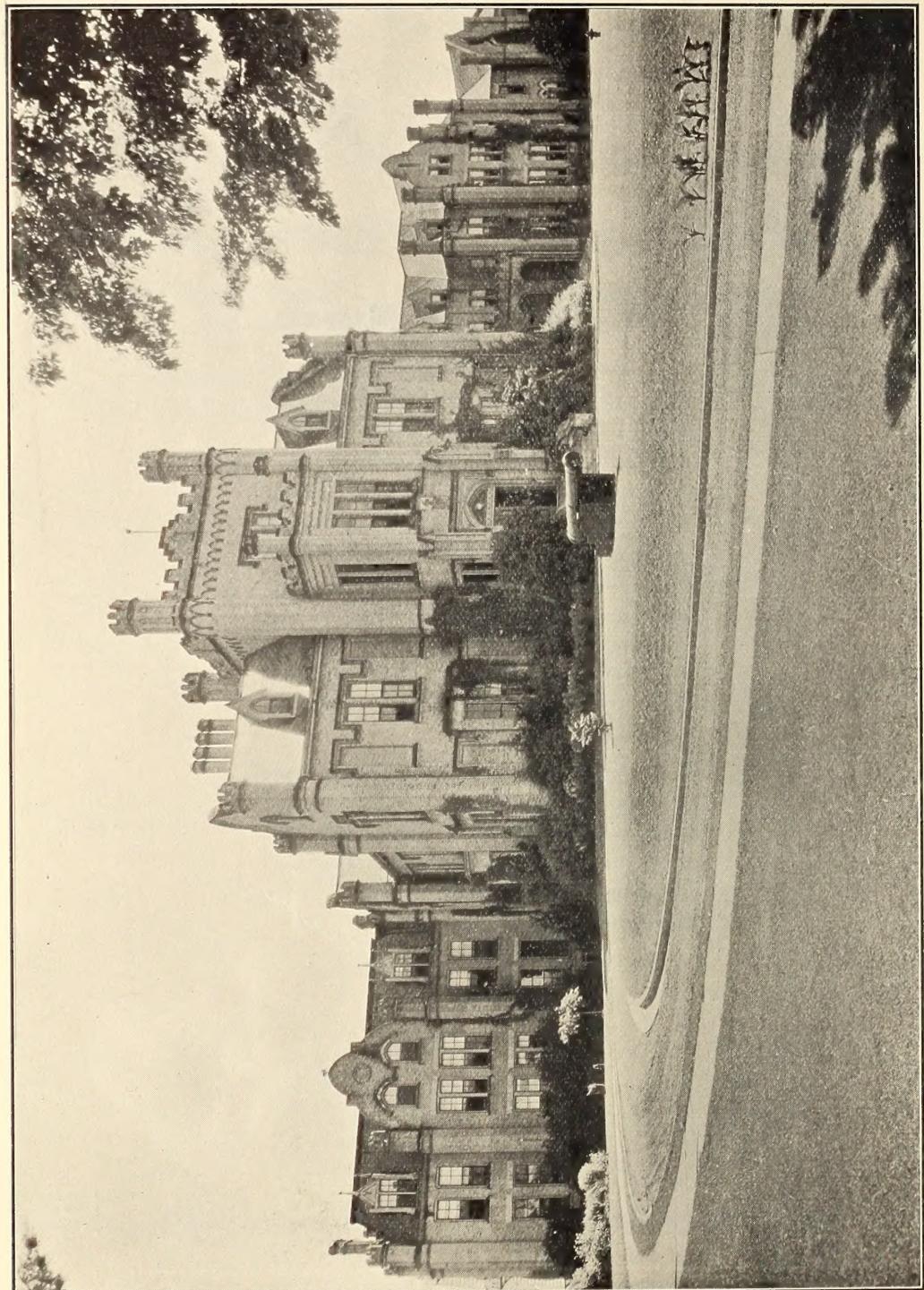
Dr. Garscallen's Message

At this our first Christmas in the Ontario Ladies' College, we wish to thank all, who by their thoughtful consideration have made our first term a happy one.

It is a great privilege to live day by day with youth, to share its visions, its problems, and its enthusiasms. To-day our thoughts go backward, and forward: backward to the students of China, association with whom through many years has greatly enriched our lives; forward with confident anticipation to equally happy associations here.

We extend to the Editor and Managers of *Vox* our best wishes for its success, and to all members of the Faculty, the Staff, and student body, the Heartiest Greetings of the season.

December, 1928.



College Song

Presented most affectionately by the Graduating Class of '25
to their Alma Mater

Dear old Trafalgar
Hear thou our hymn of praise
Hearts full of love we raise
Proudly to thee
Thy splendour never falls,
Truth dwells within thy walls,
Thy beauty still entralls
Dear O. L. C.

Through thee we honour—
Truth, virtue, loveliness.
Thy friendships e'er possess
Our constancy.
Thy spirit fills us through
So we'll be ever true
To our dear blue and blue
Of O.L.C.

O! Alma Mater!
How can we from thee part?
Thou only hast our heart,
Dearest of schools!
Thy glory we shall see
Wherever we may be,
Still love of O.L.C.
Our future rules.

WITH APOLOGIES TO AUTHOR OF
"A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS"

'Twas the night before leaving, when all
through the house
Not a person was quiet, not even a mouse;
Why the girls with excitement had surely
gone mad,
In the hopes that they soon would see
Mother and Dad.

Up on Ryerson Hall all the trunks were
banged shut,
While over on Frances they jumped down
and up;
The Main Hall victrolas were going full
blast,
The chance to be noisy was too good to
last.

They danced, and they screamed, and they
pranced and they yelled,
Till the teachers all thought they could
never be quelled.
When at last glad but weary they went to
their beds,
Alarm clocks ticked loudly right close to
their heads.

At last came the dawning and in through
the gate,
Rushed the taxis and busses in fear they
were late.
And all over were heard exclamations of
cheer—
Happy Christmas to all and to all a good
year!

—Kay Cole.



September 12 saw O.L.C. open once again to welcome back old students and greet new ones. It was several days before our regular classes began but those few days were made good use of by students, old and new. There were happy re-unions of girls who had dwelt within these walls before, there were new friends made among the new students, and here may a compliment be paid to the old girls who were so friendly and who did so much to make the new comers feel at home. At once the new girls learned the spirit of O.L.C. and it was not long before they were practising it too.

Although Dr. Carscallen was with us before, this is the first year the school has opened under his principalship and so far it has proven to be a very successful year.

The graduating class of 1929, which consists of 43 girls, is the largest in the

history of the school and to those girls who are going from our midst to take their places in the world we extend a sincere wish for their success.

Someday we all expect to graduate from school and to do so we must become efficient enough in all our work to be able to make a certain percentage in the examinations set by our teachers. After we leave school there will be no examinations to study for, but that does not mean that we will never encounter any tests. Life is full of tests and it is up to ourselves whether or not we pass them. Each day of the year, now while we are young, we are unconsciously preparing ourselves for the great tests in life, so let us take advantage of the opportunities we have to learn and study now so that we may be able to fill capably our positions in the world.

L.J.M.

There are friends we meet as we journey along,
Who, like ships that pass in the night,
We meet one day and they drift away,
Silently, out of sight.

There are other friends whom we chance to meet
Who prove loyal and staunch and true,
Who tug at our hearts when the Yuletide starts;
Let's be such a friend, please do!

Does not this poem seem appropriate here? We girls from so many different and far places, living together, though for a short time in our life, a long time in our youth, become friends in such intimate and true comradeship, only to part and to forget. But let us not forget because we drift out of sight. I think letters are, or can be, a very large ingredient in the spice of life. At any rate we brighten up when we see a letter waiting for us because every letter is a sort of event in itself, and

adding a scene, thought it be a small one, to the great drama of life, makes life more interesting. This is one means then, by which our friendships may thrive.

Friendship is the greatest thing in life, friendship is love and what has the world to offer without love? The friendships formed in our youth grow richer as we grow older, as our experiences become more numerous and our understanding greater, we bring more to each other. Pleasures enjoyed alone are unsatisfying; pleasures shared with one's friend are enhanced a hundred fold. Grief unrelieved by the sympathies of one's friends is unbearable.

When we leave our Alma Mater to go out into the world for ourselves, each in his little corner will be influenced by his friendships, will live for his friends. I sincerely urge all to keep up your friendships. Let us not forget that friendship is one of the very most important assets which come from our school years.

M. KATHLEEN COLE.

*Christ took our nature on Him, not that He
'Bore all things loved it, for the purity;
No, but He dressed Him with our human trim,
Because our flesh stood most in need of Him.*

ROBERT HERRICK.

Miss Maxwell's Message

The story of the carol found on another page is the story of a happy chance. The little song is pretty, but its history makes it something more, I shall set down the facts without change or exaggeration and in the narrative you will meet some familiar people.

One June morning I went down to the College gates for a breath of fresh air and sunshine, and passed a line of Darwin tulips standing straight up at different heights and moving slightly in the breeze. They looked exactly like notes in music, and I said to myself, "Now, if I were clever, I should know what those tulips are playing!" So I went indoors and chanced upon Mr. Atkinson and invited him out to see my little inaudible band. He said, "Of course!" and whipped out an envelope and pencil and wrote the melody down, and went in with me and played it on the piano. That was in the spring of nineteen twenty-six and Miss Ingle was at the College. I told her about the little tune and said I thought the idea would make

a subject for a sketch as charming as the music, so Miss Ingle made a delightful sketch which appears with the carol for the readers of Vox this Christmas. Meantime the little melody was gaining form; I spent a day with Miss Brush, whom old students will remember, and she gave it its lilting rhythm, and then I said to Miss Kisbey, "Don't you think you could harmonize this?" and she said she could, but she liked words to write to; so the little tune rang in my head till one night I took the lovely second chapter of St. Luke's gospel and wrote a metrical paraphrase of the story of the nativity, and behold our carol!

Wordsworth says, "it is my faith that every flower enjoys the air it breathes." I hope the tulips had some way of enjoying their little song for themselves. With them and the rest of my fellow composers I offer it as a Christmas message to the students.

December, 1928.

Twelve Carols.

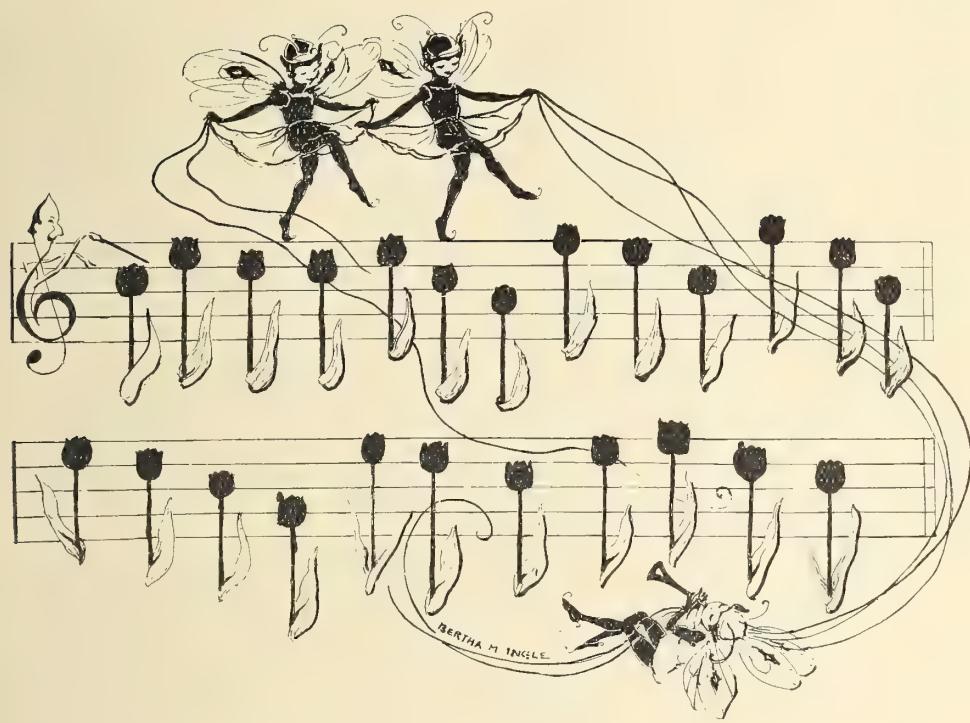
Handwritten musical score for 'Twelve Carols.' featuring two staves of music with lyrics. The top staff is in G major, common time, and the bottom staff is in common time. The lyrics are as follows:

Shepherds in fields abiding, Watching their flocks by night,
Filled with wonder saw an angel, Clothed in

Fear not, I bring you tidings,
Joy to all men I bring,
Unto you is born a Saviour,
Christ the King.

This sign to you is given,
A manger is his bed,
There the babe in swaddling garments
lays his head."

Then came the host of glory;
Sing we their song again;
"Peace on earth, goodwill from heaven,
Unto men."





Who does not love Hallowe'en with its ghosts and goblins, its romance and its mystery? A masquerade and a chance to change one's personality if only for an evening—just what we all like most! Friday, October 26, was the eventful day when our solemn seniors, enterprising juniors and all the members of our school became flirtatious damsels, clowns, fortune-tellers, felix cats, whatever their soul desired.

Our dear old building was transfigured into a picture of loveliness by the deft fingers of Miss Richardson and her art class and one almost hesitated to pass the weird-looking witches and pumpkins in the halls for fear of what might happen. The tables and fixtures in the dining room were very prettily decorated, presenting a charming setting for the dinner which awaited us when we came down, after which everyone carried off a gay paper serviette as a memento of the happy event.

At 8.15 we assembled upstairs in Main Hall, dressed in our various roles, then marched down stairs into the concert hall, each knight with his lady. After the grand march, the judges who sat on the platform retired to decide upon the wearers of the prize costumes. During their absence, Helen and Louise Cook, dressed as brother clowns, and Kay Cork, dressed as a golliwog, danced for us and Lulu Golden as a radio transmitter sang. Margaret Anderson dressed as Rosie O'Grady, and Nina Edwards as a farmer lad clogged together, much to everybody's amusement.

When the judges came in the following were declared the winners: Doris Bird as

a mid-Victorian lady first for the most beautiful costume, Marion Strong and Audrey Steinkoff dressed as black crows were first in the funny class, with Dorian Graham, Margaret Woods, Mary Arnold, Vivian Davis and Lil Arnold, the funniest group in their Toonerville Trolley. The Spirit of O.L.C., piloted by Fern Speers and operated by Jean Walker, was decidedly the most original, while Thomasine Arnold as a knitting bag received honorable mention in this class.

After the distribution of the various prizes, we retired to the gymnasium and there under the spell of ice-cream and coffee, we danced to our hearts' content, and wished it were Hallowe'en every night of the year.

On Friday, November 2, the school was entertained by Miss Marie Thompson in a recital of Hebridean songs, unique to us in that it was the first of its kind ever to be given in the history of the College. Miss Thompson looked distinctly unusual in her native gown of bright red satin with gay trimmings, and its colour enhanced the beauty of her raven black hair. Her charming personality as well as her beautifully sympathetic voice, seemed to transport us right into the atmosphere of those fisher-folk on the coast of Scotland, whose native songs she interpreted so well.

She was ably assisted by Miss Jean Buchanan at the piano who, during the course of the evening played two solo numbers, one by Chopin and one by Debussy.

An informal reception was held in the

common room after the concert where the staff and members of the Okticlos executive had the pleasure of meeting these two delightful artists.

On Friday, November 23, Professor Greaves of Victoria College, Toronto, favoured us with one of the most instructive and entertaining lectures we have been privileged to listen to. His subject, "Public Speaking and Personality," or "Teaching Young Ministers how to Preach," as he termed it, was in itself fascinating, but it took Professor Greaves with his brilliant wit and keen understanding of human nature to interpret what most of us feel but cannot express. He left some very apt advice with us in regard to speech-making namely "To stand up straightly, speak out boldly, and sit down quickly!" and we are looking forward with keen anticipation to hearing Professor Greaves again very soon.

DRAMATIC CLUB

The Dramatic Club of this year is made up of the members of the Public Speaking Classes. This course in Public Speaking is taking the place of the old Expression Course.

The Club held their first meeting of this year on November 22nd, officers were elected and plans made for the coming year.

Our aims are high; we wish to make this year worth while, and, in fact, to break all previous records. Our pins alone are enough to make anyone envious.

We have already given one play, that of "St. George and the Dragon," on Hallowee'en and we intend to give four or five more classical and modern plays through the year.

Professor Greaves, an exponent of the art by which our classes are taught, was entertained by us when he came to give his very interesting lecture on Public Speaking and Personality.

The officers of the Club are:

| | | |
|--------------------|-------|---------------|
| Honorary President | - - - | Mrs. Adams |
| Advisory Teacher | - - - | Miss Cole |
| President | - - - | Irene Hart |
| Vice-President | - - - | Margaret Kidd |
| Secretary | - - - | Evelyn Gay |
| Treasurer | - - - | Helen Buell |

ART

Under the capable supervision of Miss Richardson the art class has covered a considerable amount of work this fall, and on several occasions has been called upon for posters and suggestions for decorating. They wish to take this opportunity of thanking all those who have worked so hard to complete the material for the art booth in the Christmas bazaar.

We owe a great deal to our teacher, Miss Richardson, who has done everything in her power to make our part of the bazaar a success.

After Christmas the class intends to organize and accomplish a great deal before the end of the year.

COMMERCIAL

| | | |
|---------------------|-------|-------------------|
| Honorary President | - - - | Miss Culver |
| President | - - - | Mae Storie |
| Secretary-Treasurer | - - - | Alberta Trenworth |

The Commercial Class of '29 has a graduating class of fourteen seniors in addition to one Junior and four taking the secretarial course. Up to the present time our numerous studies have prevented having anything in the way of social activities but after Christmas we intend to have our share.

The officers named above were elected at a meeting held the latter part of November. We expect to have a very successful year under the able guidance of Miss Culver who is with us again.

HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE

| | | |
|--------------------------------------|-------|---------------|
| President | - - - | Kathleen Cole |
| Vice-President | - - - | Harriet Swail |
| Secretary Treasurer | - - - | Dorian Graham |
| The 1929-30 classes of the Household | | |

Science Department gathered together on September 12th, 1928, to begin a most interesting and entertaining year.

We find that the members of our department are associated with practically every activity in the school. Moyna Webster, president of the Honor Club; Reta Crosthwaite, secretary; Anne Phillips, president of the Seniors. In sports we are represented by Gwen Jory. Fern Speers, Harriet Swail and Margaret Anderson. These basketeers are remarkably quick, steady and efficient. In spite of this formidable array we work most diligently in our Household Science course.

In our class are twenty-four girls, quiet, studious, lively and talkative; each have some of these qualities but in different quantities, thus making a most delightful group of twenty-four characters.

Our class is what we want it to be. We hope to prove to you that we are worthy of what we will fulfill and are fulfilling from the smiling president to the most serious freshette.

THE SENIOR CLASS

Let us pass in imagination through the "Bureau of Activities of the Ontario Ladies' College"....At length we come to stand before a huge and inspiring piece of mechanism labelled "College Classes." Even as we gaze, the Recording Engineer appears and, on the main gear upon which the whole machine depends, he welds a new and shining cog tabbing it "Senior Class of 1929." Thus, yet another cog has been added to make the machine of "Classes" run more smoothly. May that shining, imaginary, but nevertheless appropriate cog, not be of soft metal, to be broken off at the least resistance, but may it be of steel, to endure through the ages. Obviously it is up to the members of the Senior Class of each year to show of what material that figurative cog consists—it is then for us, the Senior Class of 1929 to carry on the theme of their intentions. But, lest they judge us too harshly in this consider the words of Pope, that:

"Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er
shall be."

On Friday, October —, the Senior girls were the guests of Mrs. Jeffery at a reception given for them. Many were the happy and expectant girls who made their way towards the Common Room on that evening. Various groups of girls made the circuit of the room "getting acquainted." After it was certain everyone knew everybody, a game was played to test one's ability to remember and mental activity, and it was keenly enjoyed by all. Dainty refreshments were served by some of the girls, after which Margaret McLeod favoured with one of Pauline Johnson's poems "Ojistoh." The rest of the evening was passed in pleasant conversation, which gave the new girls an opportunity to discover what a kindly interest our principal and Mrs. Carscallen show in the students. Many thanks are due Mrs. Jeffery for providing such an enjoyable time.

JUNIOR CLASS

Our class is smaller than usual, but despite the handicap of diminutive numbers we have the egotism to predict an unusually successful year.

At our second meeting we planned our pins, but were unable to procure them, so it was decided to have those of last year. We chose mauve, green and yellow as our class colours.

The elections took place on October 10. Our president is Helen Cook, with Margaret Woods as Vice-President. Helen Blair holds the office of Secretary, and Kathleen Cole that of Treasurer. Miss Williamson is our highly esteemed Advisory Teacher. With this energetic and potent executive, who will say other than that we shall have an epoch-making year.

THE MEDIUM CLASS

The Medium Class was formed by third form in 1927. Last year it was decided

by a class vote that there would be no mediums but 1929 finds O.L.C. with a capable Medium Class once more.

Though we have done nothing spectacular outside of classes this year we intend to show the school what a real Medium Class is like.

We have wisely elected our officers as follows:

| | |
|----------------|----------------|
| Class Teacher | Miss Culver |
| President | Mary McMullen |
| Vice-President | Dorothy Bass |
| Treasurer | Lillian Arnold |
| Secretary | Anne Boggs |

SOPHOMORES

Ask any of the teachers what they think of the Sophomore Class of '29 and they will tell you it is a fine class of interesting girls.

Our program has not yet been planned for the complete school year, but we are certainly going to have some good times. We have had two meetings this term, one to elect our class officers, and one to choose our class pin. We have Miss Merkley as our Advisory Teacher, and we are looking forward to having her with us in our social affairs. Our President is Eleanor Henchel; Vice-President, Mary Wallace and Secretary-Treasurer, Florence Bole. Our officers fill their positions with distinction.

We hope to prove next June that this is the best Sophomore Class yet!

FRESHMEN

The Freshmen Class has had several meetings this year, but as yet have been unable to decide on any special plans for the year. Our advisory teacher is Miss Leask; President Helen Summers; Vice-President Phebe Agnew; Secretary-Treasurer, Pearl Storie. The stunt, put on by the Elementary and Freshmen class, on the evening of December 1st was a great success, owing to the help given us by Miss Leask, and Miss Naylor, Miss Naylor being the Elementary Advisory teacher.

ELEMENTARY CLASS

The Elementary Class has had several meetings but has made no plans for the coming year.

Our stunt on December the first was proclaimed a great success by the school. The class officers are:

| | |
|--------------------|------------------|
| Honorary President | Miss Naylor |
| President | Helen Carscallen |
| Vice-President | Betty Walton |
| Treasurer | Tommy Arnold |

THE SONG OF THE WIND

Muriel Elson, Form V

The song of the wind is a cradle soft,
And it lulls my tired brain,
Into realms of fairyland far from care,
To a world that is free from pain.

It sooths me, enchant me, with strange
mystic charm
And oft when I'm sitting alone
I muse on its message so poignant with
rest,
And my fancy turns toward "Home."



Graduates of '28

Our last year's president, Mary Sinclair, is attending Varsity.

Katherine Martin has been at Grace Hospital in Detroit, taking her pupil dietitian course.

Helen Silverthorn is working, on her music, at the Conservatory, Toronto.

Helen Hobbs is attending McGill.

Betty Wood, while being "engaged" is quite a proposition, Betty still has time for Business College.

Jean Diamond is now in Oshawa taking her dietitian course.

Marjorie Thomson is staying at home.

Helen Evans is somebody's good stenographer in Detroit.

Ruth Spall is industriously striving in a law-office in Toronto.

Helen Wagg is in attendance at MacDonald Hall, Guelph.

Helen McKenzie has a very good position with her father in Vancouver.

Helen Simpson is achieving the art of selling "pajamas" at Simpsons'.

Faith Bassett is busy teaching in Collingwood, the knowledge, or we hope some of it, which she acquired at O.L.C.

Dorothy Patton is at the Western Hospital, Toronto, taking her pupil dietitian course.

Emma Vick is in the Sick Children's Hospital, Toronto.

Phyllis Baker is with Emma.

Marion Henderson. We know nothing definite as to what Marion is doing, but it is rumoured that she is to be married shortly.

Jeanette McComb is in Waltham, taking her dietitian course.

Rosemond Burgoyne is staying at home.

Evelyn McKague is at home for the present, but intends taking her dietitian course at the beginning of the new year.

Eleanor Courtney is staying at home.

Marjorie Wilson keeps her secrets dark and hidden away, as to her occupation we haven't heard, but we did hear that she was "engaged" apparently taking up all of her time.

Iris Garden has a good position in the Parliament Buildings, Regina.

Gladys Tucker is working hard for her A.T.C.M. at O.L.C. and at the same time is endeavouring to teach the Junior Household Science, also to achieve the use of a needle and a stove.

Audrey DeGuerre is working at Money-penny's, Toronto.

Helen Wood is working in an insurance company office, Toronto.

Muriel Shuttleworth is "just" staying at home.

Alumnae

Mrs. Holliday, formerly vice-president of Trafalgar Chapter, Toronto, has gone to live in Whitby. We are sorry indeed to lose Mrs. Holliday as a member of our chapter but she promises to come up many times during the year and will always be most welcome.

Our annual bridge was a decided success. The hostesses of the day were members of the executive with Mrs. John Westley and Mrs. (Dr) Couch acting as conveners.

Many old students will be pleased to learn two O.L.C. girls, Lillian Wilson and Margaret Messer, are singing over the radio in St. Monica, California.

Helene Allworth of Montreal is nursing at the Strong Memorial Hospital, Rochester, N.Y.

On December 6, the Trafalgar and Ryerson chapters of the alumnae gave a reception at Sherbourne House, Toronto, to Dr. and Mrs. C. R. Carscallen. We were very pleased indeed to have the opportunity of meeting our new principal and his wife, who have carried on so well since the death of our former principal, Dr. Farewell.

The sudden death of our Honorary President, Mrs. J. K. McCutcheon, came as a great shock to all of us. Ever true to her Alma Mater, she was not only a

capable and efficient officer in our society, but a woman whose personality and loving kindness was felt everywhere. The loss of Mrs. McCutcheon is one which will be felt very keenly by everyone.

It is interesting to find this year that the daughters of six of our former students are now attending O.L.C., as granddaughters. They are:

Helen Summers (daughter of Molly Shields.).

Moyna Webster (Nora Hamilton).

Merle McBride (Laura Brown).

Mary Adams (Nettie Norris).

Bernice Eddy (Harriet Grass).

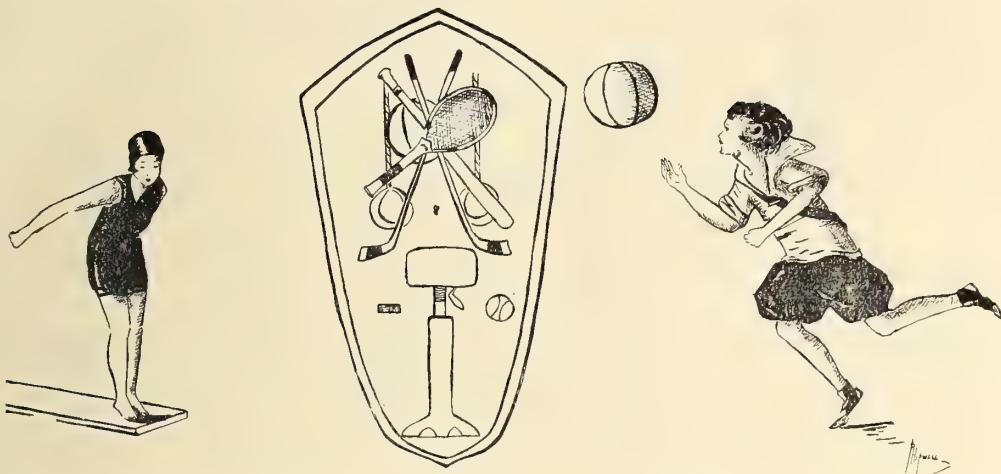
Muriel Elson (Mina Faulds).

As old girls, we extend a very hearty welcome to them, and may they uphold the standards of their illustrious predecessors.

On behalf of Trafalgar chapter of O.L.C. alumnae, I want to wish the present students of our college a very happy year. May they love their Alma Mater as we who have passed from her dear walls love her, and may they look back on their days at O.L.C. as being among the best in their lives.

Ever sincerely,
MRS. JOHN M. ELSON
(Wilhelmina Faulds).

ATHLETICS



The officers of the Athletic Association:
Honorary President - Miss Merkley
Honorary Councillor - Miss Naylor
School Captain - Janet Moffat
Sec. Captain - Gwen Jory
Treas. Captain - Anne Barnes

the new girls had to see how many old girls names they could remember. She was presented with a school pin. After a jolly sing-sing, refreshments were served and then the meeting was brought to a close with the singing of the school song.

THE ATHLETIC RECEPTION

The first time the old and new girls met for a social time was at the Athletic Reception, the first Friday of the school year.

The Concert Hall looked inviting with flowers, gay cushions, rugs and dolls. The Faculty and Students were received by Janet Moffatt, School captain; Miss Merkley; Miss Maxwell; Dr. and Mrs. Carscallen.

After a few words of welcome, spoken by the President, Miss Maxwell and Dr. Carscallen spoke to the girls. An enjoyable musical programme followed. Miss Bunner sang for us and piano solos were rendered by Miss Leask and Miss Widdup. There was a very pleasing trio in which, Miss Leask, Miss Kisby and Miss Bunner took part. Dorothea Ditchburn was the winner in a guessing contest in which all

BASKETBALL

First Basketball Team:

Jumping centre, Nina Edwards; side centre, Marg. Anderson; guards, Merle McBride, Mary Blow; forwards, Gwen Jory, Dorothy Bottom.

Second Basketball Team:

Jumping centre, Mary McMullen; side centre, Leona McLaughlin; guards, Francis Grace, Lois Mundy; forwards, Bud Yuill, Harriet Swail; subs Fern Spears, Mary Arnold, Lil. Arnold.

O. L. C. vs B. B. C.

The first game of the season was played with Bishop Bethune College at O.L.C.. Only the first team played. B.B.C. was victorious although our team put up a

good fight. The game finished 31 - 18 in favour of B.B.C.

B. B. C. vs O. L. C.

The return game was played in the Oshawa Collegiate gym. This time the teams were more evenly matched and as a result it was a faster and more exciting game. Each team played especially well toward the end of the game. The final score was 34 - 29 in favour of O.L.C.

O. L. C. vs Branksome

With keen interest we looked forward to this game as both our teams were to play. The game with the first team was exceptionally well played as they were very well matched. With five minutes left to play the score was tied. Branksome gained one point. Only a few more sec-

onds to play. The ball was travelling toward the O.L.C. basket. The whistle blew O.L.C. scored a basket but it was too late. The final score was 17 - 16 in favour of Branksome. For the second team the score was 34 - 16 in O.L.C.'s favour.

JUNIOR TENNIS TOURNAMENT

The Castle Chapter of the Alumnae Association at Commencement in June, nineteen hundred and twenty-seven, offered a prize for a Junior tennis tournament to be held in the fall for girls sixteen years and under.

This year we have four fine courts and more interest has been taken in tennis, than formerly. There were many contestants for the coveted prize which was finally won by Keith Bertram.





| | |
|------------------|-------------------|
| Advisory Teacher | Miss Patterson |
| President | Kathleen McKenzie |
| Vice President | Taka Masuda |
| Secretary | Lulu Golden |
| Treasurer | Nina Edwards |
| Business Manager | Betty Dixon |

The Elgin House Conference held September 12 — 21, proved as an incentive for real earnest endeavour. To truly appreciate the delight and inspiration derived from a gathering of this sort one must attend, but since only a limited number of students are privileged the others must gain a glimpse in this inadequate way.

The Muskoka lake region with its woods of pines and birches, and Elgin House in a delightful setting of lawns and flowers, lends a perfect atmosphere for such an event. "Muskoka," is the Indian word for clear skies and although it was not always the most fitting term for there were several dreary rainy days, yet the friendly spirit of fellowship within doors more than compensated for the elements without.

The meeting on the first evening outlined our daily routine which was as follows: 9.15 study groups. The delegation was divided into nine groups which met to study such questions as comparative religion, missions, life of Jesus, and leadership in Bible study. Then from 11.15 until 12.45 the forms met to discuss the questions of money, vocation and the sex problem. The afternoons were compara-

tively free periods—that is from meetings—but baseball games on two occasions and a regatta on Saturday were special features. In the evening at 8.50 a special address was delivered and our speakers included Prof. Angus of Oxford, Dr. Maltby from Great Britain, Dr. Thomas and Professor Hooke.

It was an admirable feature to observe the earnest endeavour of the students in seeking after the higher life. Nevertheless they were not always to be found in the most serious frame of mind. During the meal hour the gayest of spirits were manifested. Songs were indulged in and the various college yells given with rousing emphasis. Toronto University and McGill seemed particularly anxious to out do each other.

At the meeting on the first evening Miss Gertrude Rutherford, the associate secretary for Ontario, made a very apt analogy. She compared the conference to a menu in which a good deal may be tasted but discretion and discrimination must be exercised in selecting the most important parts.

Our evening meetings were varied and exceedingly interesting. Sunday evening was given over to the international speakers who discussed for a brief period the S.C.M. in their own home university. On this occasion we listened to representatives from Great Britain, the United States, New

Zealand, Australia, Mesopotamia, China, Japan. It is interesting to note how that in these strange lands work of a very similar character is being carried on.

The special addresses were given on the subjects: "What shall I do with my life?" "Friendship," Enrichment of Life through Literature and Art," "The Jerusalem Conference," and "Marriage." The keynote of the addresses undoubtedly was, Jesus Christ is our example; there is nothing more searching than to do the things Jesus says to do. In His teachings we

cannot help but realize that the Spiritual way is an outlet for every force we have.

With present plans, the S.C.M. are hoping for a very worth-while year. The movement first made itself known to the student body when it gave an entertainment for the school on September 28th. The first meeting was held in the Common Room on November 15 and we were exceedingly happy in having Miss Maxwell speak to us on "Life's Resources." Her messages are always so helpful and inspiring.

HO-HOUR CLUB

| | |
|-------------------|------------------|
| Advisory Teachers | Mrs. Jeffrey |
| | Miss Widdup |
| President | Moyna Webster |
| Vice-President | Margaret Woods |
| Secretary | Reta Crosthwaite |

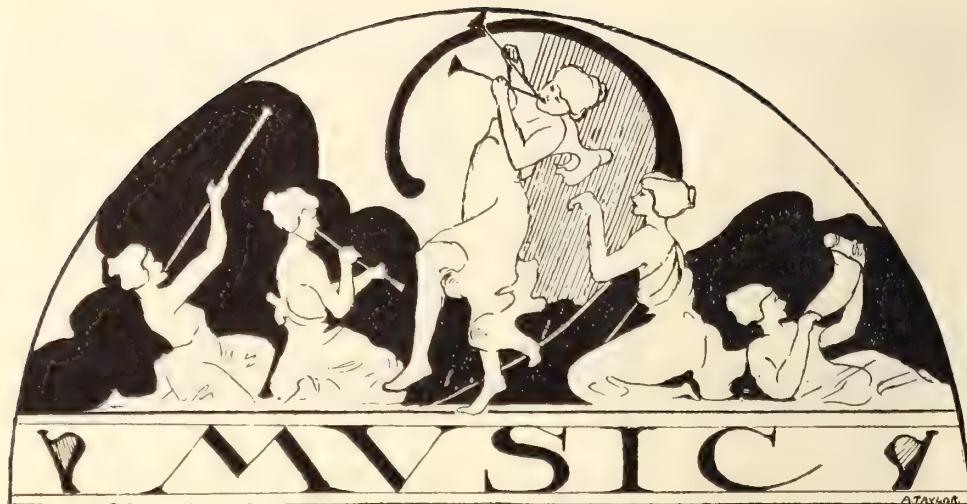
Initiation

The twenty-first of September, nineteen hundred and twenty-eight, will be well remembered by the new girls this year. Things began to happen early in the morning when orders were given. Throughout the day rooms were cleaned, beds made, curtains hung, and skirts, etc., pressed. These activities were only a forerunner, however, for the big event in the evening. Soon after dinner notices were posted stating that the uniform to be worn would consist as follows: hair strained back, middies, lower half of pajamas with socks or stocking worn to just below the knees,

giving the effect of plus fours. The outfit was completed with running shoes. An admission of one cent was charged.

The victims entered the darkened gymnasium one at a time. They were met at the door by the receiving committee and ushered on their way. Words cannot explain what took place but by the yelling and screaming and groans that were heard we feel sure they had been well initiated into college life.

After everybody had arrived, a spotlight was thrown on the centre of the gym floor and many girls showed what good sports they were by performing before it. Refreshments were then served and dancing took place and we feel very sure that all the new girls went to bed with lighter hearts than when they got up in the morning.



The Okticlos Club held its first meeting of the year on Wednesday, October 10th, to elect officers. The following are the very satisfactory results:

| | |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| Honorary President | Mr. Atkinson |
| President | Betty Wright |
| Vice-President | Lulu Golden |
| Secretary | Nina Edwards |
| Treasurer | Kathleen McKenzie |
| Convener | Frances Grace |

We welcome many new members to the Club this year.

Our first social meeting was very enjoyable indeed. We were pleased to have with us Dr. and Mrs. Carscallen. It was voted that the Club should contribute \$25 from the proceeds of the tea towards the fund for the Electrola and Dr. Carscallen expressed his appreciation in a few words. Refreshments were served, following which Mr. Atkinson spoke to us in his usual interesting manner, of music and musicians. We hope to have many more such enjoyable evenings and are looking forward to a very happy and successful year together.

THE OKTICLOS TEA

The Okticlos Club held their annual tea on Saturday, November 17th, in the gymnasium. The decorations were carried out in the Club Colours, Blue and Gold,

and the curtains and soft lights supplied true tea-room atmosphere. The tables were artistically decorated with yellow "Mums" and blue centerpieces, and the menus took the form of large blue and gold eight-notes. During the afternoon our many customers danced and partook heartily of enticing eatables. The tea was a great success.

CHROMATIC CLUB

The opening meeting of the Chromatic Club was held in the Reception room, when we were pleased to welcome new members as well as old. The election of the officers for '28 - '29 took place of which the following is the result:

| | |
|--------------------|----------------|
| Honorary President | Miss Widdup |
| President | Margaret Luke |
| Vice-President | Vivian Davis |
| Secretary | Mildred Warren |
| Treasurer | Lulu Golden |

The second meeting on October 22 was a very delightful one and the usual programme much enjoyed. Those taking part were Miss Bunner, Ruth Dillabaugh, Ruth Cockeran, Mae Storie, Mabel Waddel, Kathleen Cole, Margaret Luke. A reading was given by Margaret McLeod. Miss Widdup then spoke briefly on the life of Schubert, after which refreshments were served and the meeting adjourned.



A Christmas Story

First Prize Story

By Marjory Dunn

The snowy drifts were piled high on each side of the roadway and the unearthly light of a Christmas moon gleamed down on their whiteness, changing them into myriads of tiny sparkling diamonds. The trees, their black outlines standing out sharply against the snow, cast the shadows of their branches like the finest lacework upon the white blanket beneath. The night was crisp in its stillness.

The old man standing at the window, however, caught none of this beauty. His face was drawn, and his eyes pitiful in their strained, wistful look. He sighed, then caught himself quickly. She must not hear was his first thought as he glanced at the sweet face of a little old lady sitting beside the fireplace. She was disappointed enough he knew, without adding his unhappiness to hers. The look on her face when the telegram had arrived saying that Carl would not be home this Christmas had cut his heart. He turned wearily again to the outside, while his thoughts—a weary jumble now from constant rehearsing went through his tired brain.

Of course, they should not expect him—but why, it was the first Christmas he had not come. The old man caught himself up quickly. His brave handsome son—a musical genius—holding great crowds enthralled by the beauty of his playing; why the whole world wanted him and they must not be selfish. But Christmas—he remembered the times when the boy had stood in the centre of the low rooms playing until it seemed that the very walls throbbed with ecstasy. His childhood Christmases when the sturdy little legs had carried him gayly through the rooms, ringing with his laughing voice as he play-

ed with his new found toys. Then the year he had received his violin! The white look of adoration on the little boy's face as his fingers caressed the polished smoothness of its surface was indelibly impressed in the old man's memory. They had stinted and saved for the boy from that time giving up all that he might succeed, and he had amply repaid them. Their hearts had been full of love and pride. The white haired man tried to shake off his dejection. It was foolish to allow such a little thing to disappoint him so. But his whole soul seemed to cry out that it was not a little thing—it left an empty, aching void instead of the Christmas spirit of happiness.

He turned away from the window and sat down in an armchair to try to read. The Christmas tree with its unlighted tapers stood fantastically in a corner of the room. He suddenly had a desire to tear it down but he put aside the impulse, and getting restlessly to his feet, began pacing up and down. At that moment an interruption came. The sound of the door bell shrilled through the house and the old man's face was transfigured as he hurried to the door.

Impatient, his fingers fumbled at the lock, but his face fell as the door opened. A little fellow of perhaps nine, stood before him. He choked back his disappointment: "Hello, Sonny," he said, "how did you get so far away from home on this cold Christmas Eve? It's a long way from the village. Come in and get warm." The boy hustled in as if afraid that the invitation would be withdrawn. Once inside, he handed the old man a telegram. At the sight of its yellow paper, the little fellow was forgotten, as he hurried to the sweet

white-haired lady and stood, with his arm about her, while she opened it. It said: Dearest Mother and Dad:

Can't stay away. Am cancelling engagement. Will be home to-morrow. What is Christmas without you?

Love,

Carl

After the words had been read and re-read until they were imprinted in their minds they raised their eyes to one another. They did not need to speak—they understood. Only their eyes looked, and looked again, and that was enough. Finally the man turned to the little boy and his voice held strange music when he spoke:

"How was it that they sent you all this long way, sonny?" The little boy raised his eyes.

"You see, Sir," he said, "it is Christmas Eve, and everybody was busy, and—and

we don't have Christmas at our house, so I was out watching them—the other people I mean—and there was nobody else to bring it—so I said I would," He smiled.

"Gee, mister, I'm tired!"

The man and woman looked at each other. They both had the same thought. After their long years together they often had these impulses at the same moment. The white haired lady turned to the little boy and said:

"How would you like to sleep here tonight in my little boy's bed and we will see if we can find a Christmas tree and Santa Claus for your house to-morrow." The boy's eyes shone with gratitude.

"I would love it," he said.

And as they tucked him in the soft downy bed, the white-haired lady whispered, "Our little Santa Claus," over his drowsy head.

Gold

MURIEL ELSON

Clank went the prison gate, closing behind Jim Bentley for the first time in seven years. It made no particular impression on him to be a free man once more—life held no ideals. He might just as well be doing time, one was at least sure of three meals a day even if they were plain. His life had been a hard one, the deep-set wrinkles on his face showed how cruel experience marked her victims.

To-morrow was Christmas! So far as he was concerned that meant nothing. Years ago he had looked forward to it with the keen delight that all children show, but things were different now.

As he walked up the crowded street recollection surged back upon him. People were hurrying here and there through the drifted snow, arms laden with parcels. What fools they were to make such a fuss over one day in the year! He passed the dark cathedral and stopped dead. There

was his old pal, Gus, coming toward him, what luck! They talked together for some time. If Jim wanted to help the gang for about fifteen minutes that night, there was some easy money for him; would he do it? Yes, he would do it all right!

Feathery flakes of snow fell gently to the ground and covered the gray stone of the cathedral, giving it a celestial beauty. The moon gleamed fitfully and glimpses of stars in the sky shining with frosty radiance, filled the mind with memories of the story of the first Christmas.

In ten minutes time, the whole Christian world would be kneeling in reverent and loving praise of the child, Jesus, born at Bethlehem on just such a night as this many long years ago.

Suddenly, the dark figure of a man gliding through the darkness, moved close to the side door of the church, it opened and he passed in. Hark! what was that? He

paused a second, then creeping forward moved into the body of the church. By the pale light of the moon which was streaming through a nearby window, he recognized the two gold communion cups ready for the sacrament next day. How beautiful they looked there on the chancel table, the boys had been right, they must be worth real money. Creeping up the aisle with flashlight outstretched he moved closer making scarcely a sound. Ah, now for the prize! His light flashed and he gasped in terror. There in the lurid light, and hanging from a cross on the wall, was the angelic Christ, looking down at him with compassion in every feature. Hardly breathing he read the words, "This is my Blood which is shed for you and for many, for the remission of sins. Drink this in remembrance of Me." He began to shake from head to foot. "This is my blood which is shed for you" rang through his

brain again and again. Had he then, fallen so low?

Hark! another sound, this time more insistent. The boys were becoming impatient. Evil, long triumphant, and good, newly quickened, fought for supremacy in his soul which should conquer?

He hesitated, then stepping forward, grasped the two cups, one in either hand, and disappeared behind the curtain.

Five minutes passed, and two figures came into the church.

"He's gyped us, curse him," was all they said.

Somewhere a clock was striking twelve, and chimes throughout the city sang: "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men," when Jim, stepping out from behind the curtain, put the cups back on the table, and with a light of joy on his face, passed out of the door and into the night.

A Dash to Victory

A One Act Play

The curtain rises on Scene I and we see three young ladies dashing out of a busy store on Yonge Street, and at a speed of about 10 miles an hour making for the bay one after another. They pass Simpsons' at a good rate and arrive at Richmond Street when lo! and behold! the signals change to stop! Nothing daunted our heroines tear across the street.

In the next block one of the members of the racing society has the misfortune to drop some wonderful jewelry that had been purchased in an exclusive store near Queen Street (Woolworths). The only exclamation that breaks from her lips, however, is "Holy Sweets!" A young man comes to her assistance and she is soon well on her way again.

The young lady that is third in line nearly comes to grief when in crossing the next intersection she and a street car get mixed

up in their signals (we wonder if there are street cars in Winnipeg).

Approaching Front Street at a terrific pace they meet acquaintances whom they greet with "hoo-hoo" but nothing daunts the leader of this wild marathon until suddenly a paper boy is heard to shout "Big Robbery in Ottawa." Our friend hesitates (apparently she comes from Ottawa) to find out if she had heard aright but when she discovers that it does not concern anyone she knows, on she goes.

The trio turns along Front Street and we ascertain that they are making for the Union Station. Curtain is lowered.

The curtain rises on Scene II which is laid in the Union Station at Toronto. Enter lady No. 1 and rushing up to an official asks in an excited voice,

"Has the train left yet?"

The official in a surprised tone answers, "What train, Madam?"

By this time the other two arrive and the smallest member of the crew rushes up to the ticket agent and gasps, "Whitby, three," grabs the tickets and rushes off.

Again the formation of follow the leader takes place and as the others plod along in the rear the leader keeps shouting "Whitby, Whitby." They descend the stairs to the platform in time to see the train just pulling out.

"Hold it, Hold the train," again was shouted. "There are three more—no two more—no there are some more coming. "All right, lady, all right, I am holding it for you," come the reply.

"Put it down; let it go," was uttered in an excited tone.

By this time she was joined by the others and with one last wild scramble they boarded the train with a look of victory on their countenances.

The curtain lowers.



Evelyn Gay a une grande science des côtés. C'est toujours—il est nord—sud—il est ouest. Un jour, ses amis Dorothy et Vera entrant dans la chambre à coucher à trouvé Evelyn sur une chaise, elles lui a demandé de quoi s'agit-il, et elle a répondu—"Ouvrant la porte de l'armoire j'ai aperçu deux souris, un souris a couru nord et l'autre souris a couru sud. Ensuite nous avons su exactement où étaient les souris.

V. MCINTYRE
D. JENKINS

LA RÉCOMPENSE D'HONNETETÉ

Un petit enfant dans une rue de New York, regardait tristement tous les gens qui se dépêchaient partout, car il était la veillée de Noël il faisait très froid et il commençait déjà à neiger. L'enfant, qui vendait des journaux grelottait du froid. Pauvre Jean, sa mère était malade, et sa petite sœur était invalide. Il n'aurait pas un jour de Noël.

Tout à coup, il vit à ses pieds une pièce d'argent. Il venait de la ramasser quand il vit un homme à qui, il pensait, l'argent

était. Monsieur, dit-il "Est-ce que vous avez perdu cet argent?" L'homme regarda Jean, avec ses vêtements raccommodés, ses souliers usés, et ses pauvres petites mains bleues avec le froid. "Venez avec moi," dit ce monsieur. Jean étonné le suivit. "Maintenant," dit l'homme quand ils sont arrivés à une place tranquille, "qui êtes-vous? Pourquoi avez-vous redonné cet argent, quand vous auriez pu le tenir?" "Je pense que vous avez besoin d'argent.

Jean lui dit de sa mère et sa soeur et dit "Bienque je désire acheter une petite poupée pour ma soeur,—elle n'avait jamais une poupée, monsieur,—ma mère dit toujours "Jean, ne tenez jamais quelque chose qui n'est pas à vous.

"Vous êtes un bon garçon" dit le monsieur—Voici—prenez cela." Et il lui donna un cheque. Le lendemain après le Noël, venez chez moi dans la Rue B—Je vais vous donner une position à mon bureau."

Et ainsi petit Jean était récompensé de son honnêteté, et toute sa famille était heureuse le jour de Noël.

E.H.C.

LA DOMESTIQUE LE CHIEN

Un jour Mlle. Widdup et Mlle. Williamson faisaient une promenade autour du parc du Collège. Ils virent la domestique qui belaye le corridor du collège avec le chien sur le bras et qui faisait une promenade aussi.

Ils demandèrent d'elle pourquoi elle portait le chien. Elle répondit que le chien la suivait autour et qu'il était nécessaire de s'en débarrasser. C'était sa bête noire.

On faisait prendre l'air l'école les portes et les fenêtres restaient ouvertes.

Elles posa le chien sur la terre disant "Reste Là!"

Mais quand elle est entrée dans l'école Elle vit le chien qui la suivait.

La domestique était très fâchée avec le chien Enfin quand les deux institutrices entèrent dans l'école la domestique chassait le chien autour de l'école et elle continua de le faire.

M. MILLER.

LA VIEILLE FEMME

Je suis très vieille
Mes cheveux sont tous blancs
Mais bien que je sois très vieille,
Mon coeur est très léger.
J'habite, seul, dans ma cabine
Entourée par les images des petits-enfants
Et je sais que si quelque chose arrivait,
Ils viendraient à ma funèbre.

I. SCARROW.

UNE AVERTISSEMENT

Cette petite histoire est une avertissement à toutes celles qui arrivent la première fois au collège, et à toutes les autres, qui puissent en trouver du bien.

L'hiver passé est le temps de cet incident, en le mois de février quand il fait le plus froid, le plus orageux que possible, quand père Hiver fait tous ses efforts à faire cet hiver le extrêmement froid; quand tous les gens dehors regardent à l'intérieur des maisons avec envie; quand toutes les gens

dans les maisons, confortables et chaudes, regardent dehors avec un soupir de contentement.

La dernière classe finie, on doit sortir pour une heure dans le froid. Les trois de qui je parle, la sonnette de quatre heures ayant sonné, se dépêchent de ses chambres, mettent les fâcherons, les toques, les gants, et elles se jettent dans les escaliers aux dehors, les rires et les bons mots de celles-ci montrent qu'elles ont l'intention d'oublier le froid pour une heure. Tout en frissonnant, elles décident de faire une promenade vite dans "les sentiers de derrière."

Elles partent bravement, et quand elles arrivent au sentier, elles voient des autres ayant le plus bonheur à glisser sur la grande colline avec la luge. Les Trois Filles les regardent avec envie. Quelle plaisirnterie!

Comme leurs coeurs galopent en les voyant! Comme elles auraient voulu pouvoir les rejoindre! Pourraient-elles avoir un voyage? Seulement un? Mais oui! Certainement! Les trois immédiatement escaladent le clôture, et en deux moments sont assis sur la luge. "Placez vos pieds sur la luge!" Commandent les autres, Les Trois placent les pieds, Tout en hâte, fermement derrière celle d'avant d'elle. Oui, fermement! Et trop fermement! Toutes grimpent avec les deux mains les côtés. Chacune penche en avant, agitée, joyeuse Toutes prêtes?" Un grand coup, et tout à coup elles sont parties. Ils vont en descendant, de haut en bas, chacun moment plus vite. Comme une flèche elles survolent les monceux de neige! "Arrête—Foi! une des fille crie, Mais non! on ne peut pas s'arrêter. Elles ne peuvent pas se sauver. Tout ce que on peut faire est de cramponner le plus fort. Tout à coup la glace du cours d'eau vient en vue. Mais quelle glace. Immédiatement la luge arrive au cours d'eau et, malheureusement plongé à travers la glace, et dans l'eau froide! Ah! Très froide!

J'ai dit que les pieds sont placés fermem-

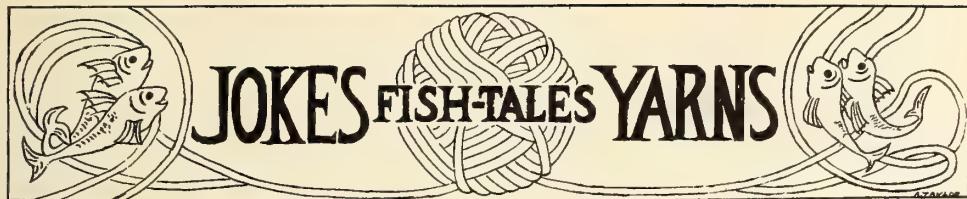
ent. Oui mais trop fermement parce que maintenant elles sont assises sur la luge au fond de la cours d'eau au-dessous de zero, avec l'eau jusqu'aux cou. Maintenant elles ont beaucoup de peine de se débarrasser.

Quel dommage! En tel temps! En dix secondes elles se sont arrachés de l'eau et toutes trois se tiennent debout sur le bord, frisonnement, des dents claquent. Mais ça est drôle tout de même. Figurez-vous leurs habits trempés en gelent comme elles pensent ce qu'à faire! Elles se tournent et commencent à subir la colline. Mais

la collene tout à coup devient une montagne, et il faut les heures de subir à la montagne! En montant la côté et en gelent toutes raides, elles font les cris plaintifs, fâchés épouvantables, mais tout de même dans la belle humeur.

Ainsi on doit faire bien attention, et si, nous, avons de la niege cet hiver, à celles qui ne savent pas qu'il ya un cours d'eau là-bas, et à celles qui à oublié les périls de cette colline, c'est une avertissement. Prenez garde!

L. BASSETT.



We editors may tug and toil,
Till our finger-tips are sore,
But some poor fish is sure to say,
"I've heard that joke before."

Miss P. (in class)—“Now why didn’t George III pay heed to these warnings?”

Keith (brightly)—“Because he was Scotch.”

Jean (in crowded car)—“I wish that good looking man would give me his seat.”

Five men got up.

Marg.—“Do you think we can improve our faculty this year?”

Pete—“What do you mean?”

M.—“Well it says here in the news that students attend college to improve their faculties.”

Friend—“I understand that your daughter is a finished soprano.”

Mr. Speers—“No, not yet, but the neighbours almost got her last night.”

Marion—“Is it true that Flo left the King Eddy something?”

Mad—“Yes, she left the building. The rest goes into her memory book.”

Fire Inspector—“But where are your fire escapes?”

Dr. Carscallen—“Don’t you know it’s leap year?”

The only way we can account for the singing in the halls after breakfast is the birdseed in the raspberry jam taking effect.

Janet—“What happened to you? Were you in a fight?”

Louise—“No, Dot was cutting my hair and a mouse ran across the floor.”

Vivian—“How long are you going to be in that bathtub, Speedy?”

Speedy—“O, about five foot nine.”

Miss Clemons—“Betty, give me an example of something immortal.”

Betty—“Santa Claus.”

Dona—“Tell my crush I don’t love her any more.”

Marg.—“No, only just as much!”

1st—“Did you hear Elinor and Marg. had a fight?”

2nd—“No, why?”

1st—“Well, Marg. forgot to answer Elinor’s last letter from Jimmy.”

Audrey—“I think this school is haunted.”

Bee—“Why?”

Audrey—“Well, they’re always talking about the school spirit.”

Mad—“Did you know money talks?”

Flo—“All it ever said to me was ‘Farewell.’”

"What's the idea of that set of traffic lights over the mantel," inquired the young man visiting Marian Miller.

"It's father's idea," Marian explained; "the red stays on till eleven-thirty, then he flashes on the amber, and at twelve the green. And you know," she added, "father is a traffic cop."

Mrs. C.—"Does anyone know who was the smallest man in history?"

Jean—"Please, the Roman soldier who went to sleep on his watch."

Miss Leask (knocking on the door of 4)—"Nina, why aren't you practicing?"

Nina—"I am practicing, Miss Leask."

Miss L.—"Well, then, why don't I hear you?"

Nina—"Because I'm practising the rests."

Jean—"One little pig was so sick and I gave him some sugar."

Fern—"Sugar! What for?"

Jean—"For medicine, of course. Have you never heard of sugar cured hams?"

Nina—"Just think, fourteen beavers were used to make your fur coat."

Mary—"Yes, it is wonderful what they can train animals to do nowadays."

Touring Parent—"Shall I take this road to the Ontario Ladies' College?"

Whitby Native—"Well, I reckon 'taint necessary, they already have one there."

Miss Wallace—"Why are you taking those spoons to your room?"

Moyna—"Because the doctor told me to take two tea spoons after each meal."

Cleo—"Why don't you swim the channel?"

Lois—"You know I don't look well in grease."

Betty D.—"Are all your jokes original?"

Elinor—"No, I make them up myself."

Izzy G.—"May I leave class to jump rope?"

Miss Patterson—"Why the kindergarten act?"

Izzy—"I've just taken my medicine and forgot to shake the bottle."

Waiter (at English Inn)—"Macaulay used to dine at this very Inn, Sir."

American Visitor—"It must have been some eggs like these that inspired him to write 'Lays of Ancient Rome'."

"My Dear, I won't have a thing left if that laundress keeps stealing things. This week it was two pullman towels."

Marg.—"I want a pair of shoe laces"

Harriet—"How long do you want them?"

Marg.—"Why, I want to keep them."

Parson—Surely you haven't caught these today."

Little Boy—"Yes, that's what happens to fishes that goes chasing worms on Sunday."

Book Keeper—A kiss speaks volumes they say."

Butter Clerk—"Don't you think it would be fine to start a library?"

He—"Now the next time you contradict me I'll kiss you."

She—"O, no you won't."

Marg. Ott.—"Miss Holland, may I ask you something?"

Miss H.—"Yes, Margaret."

M.O.—"How do chickens know the size of our egg cups?"

"How do you teach a girl to swim?"

"Put your arms lightly around her waisttake her hand in yours.....and put....."

"Bah, She's my sister."

"Oh, throw her off the dock."

Suitor—"I am very much in love with your daughter, and simply can't live without her."

Her father—"Well, I'm willing to pay the funeral expenses."

"We've had the best time playing postman," explained the small hopeful of the family. "We gave a letter to every lady in the block."

"But where did you get the letters, dear?"

"Oh, we found 'em in your trunk in the attic, all tied up with a blue ribbon."

Henry (rushing into the library)—"Quick, I want Caesar's life."

Librarian: "Sorry, but Brutus beat you to it."

Mildred—"Who is this girl Florence Flask that Dot. and Betty are always talking about?"

Pat had gone back to Ireland and was telling about New York. "Have you such tall buildings in America as they say, Pat?"

"Tall buildings! Faith, the last one I worked on we had to lie on our stomachs to let the moon pass."

Helen—"Heard the new Banana Song?"
Lou—"No, what is it?"

Helen—Hanging around with the bunch."

Latin Teacher—"Translate 'Pax in bellum."

Bright Student—"Freedom from Indigestion."

Coola—"Why don't you answer me?"
Keith—"I did shake my head."

Coola—"Well, do you expect me to hear it rattle way up here."

Patience is the quality that enables the grapefruit to hold its fire until it gets a good free crack at the eye.

FOR RENT

Latin grammar, with pages 1-462 missing. This is the new edition, and the average student will be able to do very well without these unnecessary pages.

Empty Ink Bottle. May be used as a home for disabled flies after the blood-thirsty warfare carried on against them by third and fourth forms.

Selections from Virgil. Present owner finds herself mentally fatigued and unable to use this book.

Departmental Examinations for 1929. These will be found a great help.

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Mrs. Noueau-Riche—"He's getting on so well at school. He learns French and Algebra. Now, Ronnie, say 'How d'ye do to the ladies in Algebra."

Elinor—"Hey! You're sitting on some jokes I collected."

Marg.—"I thought I felt something funny."

Muriel—"What three words do you use most?"

Gwen—"I don't know."

Muriel—"Well, I'm glad you knew."

Marian—"What makes you so small?"
Irene—"Oh, my mother fed me on canned milk and I'm condensed."

"Yah, I seen you kiss my sister!"

"Ah-er—here's a quarter."

"An' here's ten cents change—one price to all—that's the way I do business."

Mary Arnold—If I'm studying when you come in wake me up!"

Dona—"Je t' adore."
Ruth—Shut it yourself!"

"Is this the Fire Department?" yelled an excited gentleman over the phone.

"Yes, what is it?"

"How far is it to the nearest alarm box? My house is on fire and I must put in a call immediately."

Passenger (in speeding car passing Whitby)—"This is a nice town,—wasn't it?"

Audrey Prendergast—"I want a pair of specrimmed hornicles—I mean sporn-rimmed hectacles—confound—I mean hecls-spornacles."

Shopwalker—"I know what you mean, mam. "Mr. Perkes, show this woman a pair of rim-sporned hectacles"

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Statistics guard my slumber deep;
If I should die, I'm not concerned,
I may get wet, but I won't get burned."

??—"I always throw myself into every job I undertake."

Lou. Cook—"Did you ever think of digging a well?"

Sir, would you give five dollars to bury a saxophone player?"

"Here's thirty dollars. Bury six of 'em."

Mrs. Jeffrey—"Does this question puzzle you?"

Jean—"Not at all; it's quite clear. The answer puzzles me."

Can You Imagine:

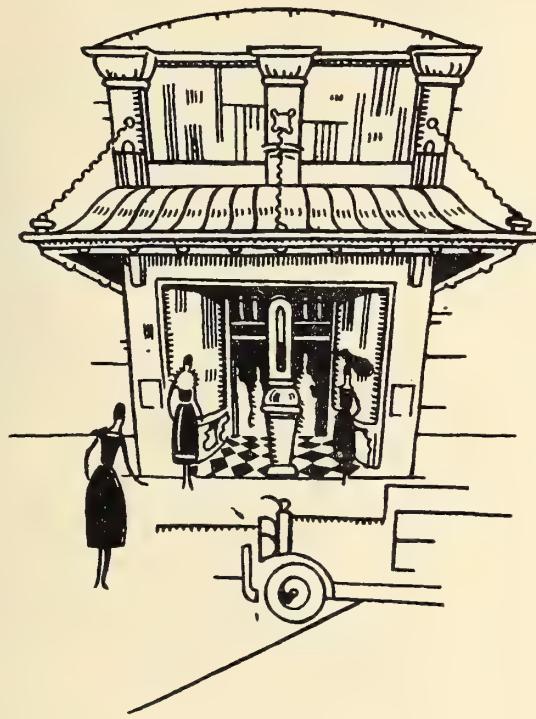
Mildred Warren without gum,
Not singing—Junior Dunn;
Mary McMullen without a smile,
Jean Walker acting worth while.
Nine main without it's trio,
Lois Mundy without Cleo.
Marg. Bryson minus "her" Billy
Have you ever heard anything
"Quite so silly?"



*Menacing Figure (to the left) - What do you mean "Coming late to class?"
11/22 ★ 12/11*

*Powerless student - Please teacher,
I did not choose to run*

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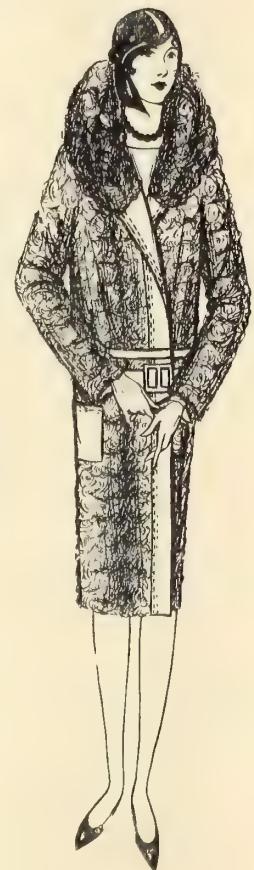
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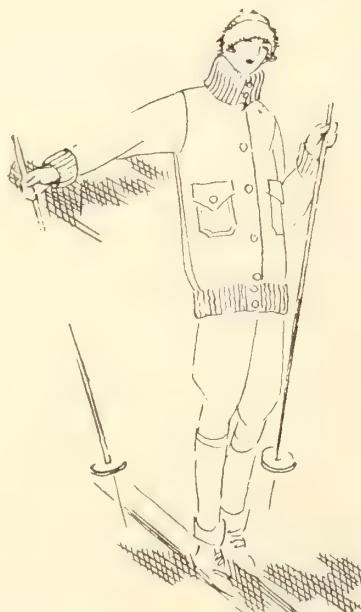
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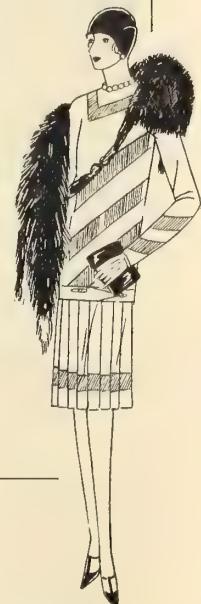
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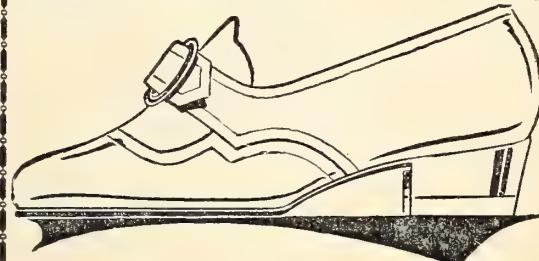
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